

Little Brown Gal

Intro: G7(2) C7(2) F(4) - repeat

It's not the islands fair, that are calling to me

It's not the balmy air, not the tropical sea.

But it's a little brown gal in a little grass skirt

In a little grass shack in Hawaii.

It isn't Waikiki, or Kamehameha's pali,

Not the beach boys free, with their hoh oh mali mali.

It's a little brown gal, in a little grass skirt

In a little grass shack in Hawaii.

Thru' that island wonderland,

She's broken all the kanes' hearts,

It's not hard to understand

For that wahine is a gal of parts.

Chorus:

I'll be leaving soon, but the thrill I'll enjoy

Is not the island moon, or the fish and the poi.

(*)It's just a little brown gal, in a little grass skirt

In a little grass shack in Hawaii. (ending: repeat *)

